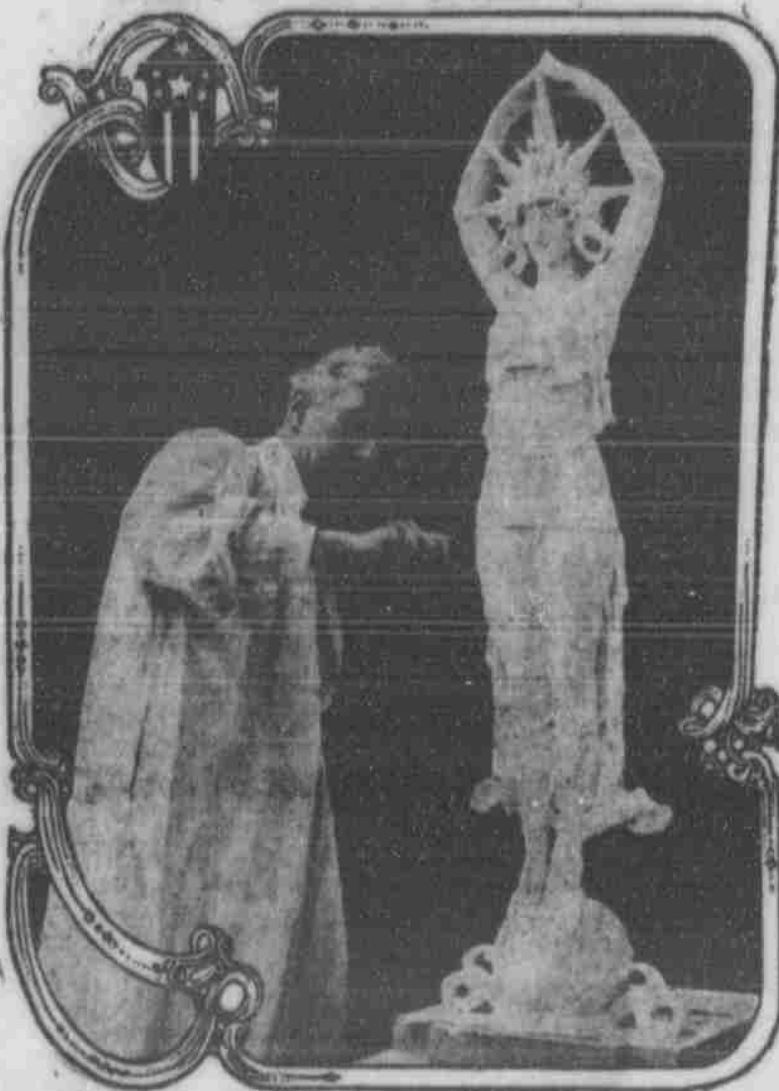


EDITORIAL SECTION

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1914.

PART TWO

Sculptor Calder at Work on Model For Great Court of the Sun and Stars at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.



Copyright, 1913, by the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

A STIRLING CALDER, the brilliant American sculptor, who is acting chief of sculpture at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, has personally designed and modeled many of the superb pieces of statuary that will be used to adorn the vast courts and Exposition grounds. The photograph above shows Mr. Calder at work upon a towering figure emblem of a star, which, when enlarged, will be used to decorate the great Court of the Sun and Stars. There will be 119 of these figures, each fourteen feet in height and crowning a great colonnade that will encircle the Court of the Sun and Stars. At night massed batteries of searchlights placed upon the roofs of the exhibit palaces will fall upon the star-like headpiece of the figures, in which will be set quivering prisms reflecting all the colors of the rainbow. The indescribable beauty of these colored shafts of light will produce one of the most fascinating effects in the great world's Exposition in San Francisco.

Impressions of a Twelve Hundred Mile "Mush" Across Frozen Alaska

Extracts from a Daily Journal Kept by H. S. ROBEY, of Albuquerque, ex-United States Attorney at Nome.

Second day, Sunday, January 21, 1912: Port Safety is bluff. Temperature, 10 to 25 degrees below zero, and a blizzard as we passed Solomon in the mid hours of the day and here into the evening. Left Port Safety 4:20 p. m. It was very dark, the sun did not rise until nearly half past nine. The trail is very heavy. We can see a musher ahead of us, and my glass shows it to be a man with a sled and five dogs. We afterwards learned, as we caught up with him, that it was a giant Nechaman named, or at least they called him, "Jake" Euron. He is mushing from Nome 230 miles to Nome to help his two partners take out a dump of gold gravel during the winter months on one of their placer claims, where, as they write to him, they have struck moderate "pay." He is carrying a couple of hundred pounds of dog salmon as feed for Captain Pete's dogs, which will all be used up by

Old Time Sores And Ulcers Healed

Old Wounds Often Bother Many Years After.



People who have been suffering and agonizing an old sore for years and years, and who have tried every remedy known to man, will find relief in the use of this ointment. It is a truly remarkable remedy. It contains no ingredients, the active purpose of which is to stimulate the tissues to the healthy condition of the blood vessels. And the medicinal elements of this ointment are just as essential to well-balanced health as the nutritious elements of the meat, grains, fats and sugars of our daily food. Not only does this ointment cure old sores, but it also cures the blood and skin, and is the most powerful of all remedies. Do not allow some shallow clerk to tell you that this ointment is a "snake oil" or "just a good" as S. S. S. is known to all.

pretty good and we made good time. Chink is a port of considerable importance and is the distributing point for the merchandise that comes in on the boats in the summer, and is distributed over a vast area north and east. There is a considerable Indian village located here and two or three very large stores with immense stocks of goods. I could have bought a full outfit here almost, had I not obtained it at Fort Davis; particularly I could have secured a large thermo bottle instead of the small one I had. Let me go on record here as blessing the man who invented the thermo bottle. You can put hot coffee in it, roll the bottle in some of your wooden shoes, and at any time during the day thereafter, when everything else is frozen and hard as rock, including your lunch, if you have any, you will get steaming hot coffee from this divine bottle. Thrice blessed be the man who invented it, may I, and in this benediction I know I am joined by every musher in Alaska.

Dexter's roadhouse is an oasis in Arctic lands. He was formerly a captain of the revenue cutter Bear in the United States service. His roadhouse is a sort of an Arctic palace. He is a character, genial and talkative. He entertained us all the evening with modest accounts from his life history, from his boyhood in New England into the Pacific and to Hawaii, China, Japan, the Philippines, and told us of his marvelous exploits in the Arctic, even north to Point Barrow. Put in book form, this man's history would be a sailor romance that would surely beat any dime novel that I ever read as a boy. Years ago he nearly froze to death out in Norton sound on the ice, and his suffering at that time has left him semi-paralyzed, so that he gets around lamely. He is an omnivorous reader, and having made a fortune scuttling and placing mines, he is surrounded by a semi-luxury that is seldom seen in the Arctic. His library is a delight. It is one of the best informed men in this country. I did not get the pleasure of meeting her because she was away on a visit somewhere, but I understand he is married to a woman named Molly, and it is said she is a fairly well educated and handsome woman. The ladies in the roadhouses told me of her, and they all like her and speak in the highest terms of her. She went out after him, as it is said, when he was frozen in the ice, and nursed him back to health when his life hung in the balance, and the result of it was that he married her.

Chink is a meeting point for mushers, prospectors, etc., and as a consequence, Dexter's roadhouse does considerable business. He has a French chef as cook, and the dining room accommodates a crowd, so the meals were pleasant. It goes without saying that the quarters were fine and that I slept well.

EXPERIMENTAL ROAD BUILDING BY THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Washington, D. C., Jan. 21.—Over four hundred and eighty thousand square yards of different types of roads for experimental and object lesson purposes were constructed during the fiscal year 1912-1913 under the supervision of the office of public roads, United States department of agriculture, according to Bulletin 13 of the department, making a total of over four million square yards of road constructed under the supervision of this office since 1905.

The types of roads built were brick, concrete, oil-concrete, bituminous, concrete, bituminous macadam, surface treatment, macadam, asphalt, oil-asphalt, gravel, oil-gravel, oil-slag, gravel-macadam, gravel, slag, sand-clay, sand-gumbo, burnt-clay, shell, and earth. The object lesson and experimental work during the past year was done at a cost to the local communities of \$139,541.98. This does not include the salaries and expenses of the department engineers. The road work during the year was done in Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Maryland, Mississippi, Nebraska, North Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, Wisconsin, and the District of Columbia.

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CURTAIN AT 8:00 SHARP

The Vigilantes of Socorro

The Only Authentic History of Those Stirring Times in the History of Socorro, When "Judge Lynch" Had the Final Word, and "Committee of Safety" Reigned Supreme.

From the Socorro Chiefman.

Colonel Thomas Benton Catron, senior United States senator from New Mexico, could qualify as an expert on "lynch law." The senator with characteristic modesty, has not confided to his colleagues during the past few years the fact that thirty years ago he was escorted by "Vigilantes" to a railroad station and threatened with a rope should he return.

Congressman Ferguson of New Mexico could also add a chapter to the Catron incident, and others which distinguished that exciting period. Having been present at the time, I can say that the action of the vigilantes was entirely justified. It happened in Socorro, N. M., in 1882, and was the only occasion, as I remember, when the committee of safety, popularly called vigilantes, brought its power to bear upon a perfectly innocent person.

Senator Catron vividly remembers his experience, a fact he recently admitted to a newspaper friend.

At that time Socorro was one of the frontier outposts. Lawlessness and disorder ruled, largely because of race troubles due to the enmity existing between Americans and the native population. The machinery of the law was in the hands of the natives, who refused to act when crimes were committed against American citizens. When A. M. Conklin, editor of the Sun, was shot by the three Baca brothers, Sheriff Garcia refused to order their arrest or to depose others for the purpose until he himself had been made an American hostage in order that he might be compelled to do his duty.

Public Opinion Awakened.

It was then that Col. E. W. Eaton, who resided in Socorro up to the time of his death on September 13, 1912, organized the "Committee of Safety," which took the enforcement of the law into its own hands. This committee, which had the tacit endorsement of the highest territorial

officials, was composed of the reputable Americans of the town, including in its membership bankers, clergymen, merchants, ranchmen, miners, doctors, lawyers, and all others interested in the enforcement of law and order. It maintained its organization until its objects had been attained. Three years were required to rid the city of its criminal element, to restore the legal machinery of the law, and to impress the fact upon the mind of the native.

During this period the vigilantes, by the desperados called "the strangers," lynched "Tom" Gordon, Abraham Baca, Juan Alarid, two others who, without pride of ancestry, contented themselves with being called "Frenchy" and "The Kid," and last, but by no means underscoring of the geographical mention, Joel F. Fowler, upon whom post mortem investigation thrust the more or less authentic story of having killed eighteen men.

Clever Lawyer Not Appreciated.

It was during this triennial suspension of the wheels of justice, which are popularly presumed to be moved by judges, juries and legislative statutes, that Col. Catron of Santa Fe, who was recognized as the leading criminal lawyer of the territory, enjoyed his experience with the vigilantes. He had successfully defended a brother of Abraham Baca, who exploited his crime at the end of a rope attached to a corral post, and what really entitled him to greater tribute was the fact that he had the jury, so it was alleged, all of whom were natives, return its verdict while the vigilantes, not expecting such hasty action, were at supper.

However, Catron had probably enjoyed a hearty lunch and did not leave the courtroom, so that when the jury pronounced Baca not guilty, he immediately moved for his discharge, saw him vanish through a rear door of the courtroom, where he vaulted into a saddle and surrounded by a score of

his friends, hit the trail for Old Mexico.

News of the verdict and the disappearance of the prisoner not only enraged the vigilantes, but it more or less enraged them. In their opinion the prisoner's guilt had been clearly established, but the jury dissented. They felt it their duty to give some expression to their feelings, and in consequence waited in a body upon Colonel Catron at his hotel, escorted him to the A. T. & S. P. railroad station, entertained him until a northbound train arrived, and confidently informed him that should he return to Socorro they would hang him.

Colonel Catron complacently submitted to the unusual ceremony attending his departure and confessed that he knew of no important engagement which would bring him back to Socorro in the immediate future. However, he chided the vigilantes for their lack of hospitality, protesting that he had only performed his duty to his client. But, in passing, I must mention that Colonel Catron temporarily accepted the advice tendered. In time he "came back," as is evidenced by the fact that he now wears a senatorial toga about the neck once threatened by a hempen giraffe.

Story Told for First Time.

The history of the California and Montana vigilantes has been fully exploited, but to my knowledge the story of the Socorro vigilantes has never reached the outside world except in such fragmentary dispatches as were sent to the east ("God's Country," we called it then), whenever there was a major mob operation. Having been a resident of the territory from 1881 to 1889, and having been a compulsory participant in the affairs I have mentioned, it is possible for me to give the story of the vigilantes, together with the names of those who were leaders of the organization, many of whom are yet living and who have informed me that they have no objection to my doing so. In the early '80s "Judge Lynch" held court in many parts of New Mexico, but in no place did he sit so constantly as at Socorro. Murderers were lynched at Las Vegas, at Albuquerque, at Raton and elsewhere where gun men took life without provocation. Coincident with the reign of the rope excitement was intensified by marauding bands of Apaches, "rust-

lers" and an occasional stage and train robbery.

The influx of Americans which immediately followed the construction of the Santa Fe railroad was not received by the natives with any degree of cordiality. While the great majority of those who went to New Mexico at that time was composed of reputable citizens looking for investments, principally in mining property, and in ranch lands, there was also that unwholesome minority which ever skulks along the side lines in the development of new territory. In the latter classification were criminals wanted nowhere except by officers of the law, gamblers, promoters of the "gold brick" order, and others whose methods of livelihood were positively unconventional. Without doubt these soldiers of fortune had much to do with engendering bad feeling between the natives and the Americans, although a large percentage of the natives seemed to have a natural antipathy toward the men from the north and east, which they did not attempt to conceal.

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